

FRANK JAMES.

How He Fares in Prison—The Stream of Visitors Still Unbroken—His Approaching Trial, Bondsmen, Etc., Etc.

Knowing that Major J. N. Edwards had been to Kansas City and Independence, and thinking that while in the latter place he might have called upon Frank James, a Bazon reporter yesterday asked him for information about this famous outlaw, feeling assured that whatever the Major said could be strictly relied upon. He was not much inclined to talk, because, as he declared, there had been so much published that was ridiculous, and so much that was untrue, that the public was tired and perhaps a little bit disgusted.

But the Globe-Democrat correspondent says he met him in the jail.

"So he did, I reckon. I did not know him, however. There were no secrets to tell. Quite a number of people were present—men, women and children. The conversation was general, the ladies doing the most of the talking."

"Do many people visit Frank James?"

"You would be astonished at the daily crowds that go to the prison. They come from everywhere, and represent all shades of politics and religion. All sorts of propositions are made to him, and some very valuable offers from some of the most respectable business firms in the country. One Chicago boot and shoe firm, known all over the west, has offered him \$250 per month, and expenses to travel for them when he is free. There are four standing offers from St. Louis almost as good, and two from New York."

"What is the reply to all these offers?"

"What should be his reply? He has but one—short, emphatic and decisive. That he is a prisoner. That he can not answer for his own movements. That it is folly now to talk or even to think about business."

"How is he treated in jail? Some newspapers say better than other prisoners."

"It is not true. He receives just the same treatment precisely that all the balance do. He has a cell just like the other cells. He wears himself by the big stove in the hall like all the balance do. He is locked up like the balance when the time comes. And his food is prison food, save when his wife brings him something from home. That is also permitted to all the balance who have friends on the outside. The pictures that adorn the walls of his cell, which some correspondents spoke of as being elegant, are pictures cut from Harpers' Weekly, Frank Leslie's Illustrated, and some photographs given him by actors and actresses who visited him. One troupe proffered him a benefit in Independence, and they could have packed the house, but he positively refused to have anything to do with it. He shrinks from a theatrical, and is hearing himself like a practical, sensible man. He despises bravado of all sorts, and absolutely refuses to talk of his war record, or any of his desperate deeds during those terrible guerrilla days along the border."

"Were there many visitors the day you saw him?"

"Up to 3 o'clock, when I had to leave, just fifty-two. I had to go to Kansas City on some business connected with our mining operations, and a party of old friends there insisted that I should go with them to Independence and call upon Frank James. I warned them that if they expected to hear Frank talk any more freely and confidentially because I was along, they would surely be disappointed, and they were. He was even less communicative than usual."

"How does the new jailer compare with the old as regards the treatment of Frank James?"

"Your question is a natural one, because the impression has gone abroad that some great favoritism was shown by the old jailer, K. Holland, that would not be shown by the new, Whig Keshlar. The truth of the whole matter is, that both of these men simply did their duty. Holland obeyed the law strictly, treated James like any other prisoner, had a heart in him, was not a tyrant, was an excellent officer, and his removal was for other reasons. His successor, Whig Keshlar, is a deputy marshal, and one of the best in Missouri. He makes a model officer in every way. He is brave, firm, positive, polite and humane. He does his whole duty, but he does not knock men in the head and stare them to death in doing it. He has the respect and friendship of every man in Jackson county, and one of these days he will be the marshal himself."

"When does his next trial take place, and for what crime?"

"In May, and for robbery in the first degree. It is for the Blue Cut train robbery in Jackson county."

"Is he guilty?"

"Really you must wait and see what the jury says. Of what avail would be any expression of opinion on my part, although I would not hesitate a second to give it. No, he is not guilty, and he can no more be convicted of this crime than his prosecutors can fly."

"Then what comes after Blue Cut?"

"Oh, a dozen or so. Glendale, Gallatin, Booneville for the Otterville business, requisitions here and there, and indictments ronder and elsewhere."

"How does he regard the future?"

"With the most perfect self-possession. When he surrendered, he surrendered like a soldier. He meant then, and he means to-day, to keep perfect good faith. He is anxious to go to trial on every indictment that may be found against him, and get through for better or for worse as soon as possible."

"Has he permitted any one to take his picture yet?"

"No, although he has had some big offers for it. When he makes up his mind to do so, Latour, of Sedalia, will be the artist. This much is settled."

"How is confinement telling on him?"

"Save and alone a severe cold or two, he has been in vigorous health all the winter. He has this hour the vitality of a Cossack and the endurance of a North American Indian. He can ride as far and as fast to day as any other man in Missouri. Despite all his wounds, he does not suffer from the usual legacy of severe wounds—neuralgia."

"Why does he not give bond and go out on bail? Can't he give bond?"

"Yes, for half a million of dollars. But why exchange the Independence jail for

the Daviess county jail? That would be the simple result of going out on bail now. No, he knows what he is about. Every move he makes is by the advice and consent of his three lawyers—Messrs. John F. Phillips, Charles P. Johnson, and J. H. Slover, of Independence."

"Is it true, as the Globe-Democrat's correspondent says, that the brother of Witcher, the detective who was killed, has written to Frank a letter of amity and forgiveness?"

"Yes, in every particular; but Witcher's brother has nothing to forgive as far as Frank is concerned. Probably two hundred men in Jackson county know who killed this detective, or, if they do not know precisely just who did kill him, they know that Frank James did not, and that he was not in 500 miles of the place where he was killed. This could easily have been brought out at the trial, if there had ever been a trial."

"What about Minnesota?"

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. The French have a proverb which you, as a newspaper man, should learn by heart. Freely translated, it is thus: 'Most men, when placed face to face with an impossibility, ask nothing from destiny, from enemies, or from friends, but time.' It is impossible for Frank James to get justice now in Minnesota, consequently all that he can ask is time."

"What does Gov. Crittenden say about the various indictments against James?"

"So far as I know, Gov. Crittenden does not say anything. He certainly never has to me. I believe he means to let the law take its course. I am sure that he has not seen this prisoner since he surrendered to him, nor had any communication with him. Gov. Crittenden simply did what any one of three other governors might have done, received the surrender of the last of what was supposed to be the most formidable band of bandits ever organized on earth. With this difference, however, the band was in the full tide of its strength, cohesion, and audacity when it proposed to three governors to surrender, stipulating only for a fair trial and a protection against mob violence. No attention was paid to these offers, and the raiding and robbing went on. Finally, Crittenden came, and you know the result. The band is exterminated. Those who are not dead are in prison. Since the downfall of the men in question, other parties have tried bank and train robbing, in various parts of the country, especially in Missouri, and the result has been instantaneous pursuit and instantaneous extermination. Therefore, if there is any one man in this country who has the right more than another to do what he pleases with Frank James, that man is Gov. Crittenden. Without taking a dollar from the State treasury, he has done what nobody else did before him, or seemed able to do, destroyed a band of robbers, whose capacity to commit deeds of devilment, and get away from the consequences, seemed almost abnormal. This he did, and it is almost a sure thing, because of that no one will ever see a railroad robbed again in Missouri, by armed men, or a bank attacked in daylight and plundered."

"Will Frank James ever give to any one a true history of his life?"

"His war history he has already given. His history since the war he will never give. He says that he has none to give—nothing that the world would care to know about an average man who tried to get along and fulfill his destiny the best he knew how."

"How do you account for the great curiosity manifested by so many people to see Frank James?"

"The newspapers are mainly responsible for this—the newspapers and the dime novels published about him and Jesse. He has been described as a monster, who murdered women and children; as an ogre, a giant, a blood drinker, a wild beast, and such an array given of his ferocious deeds as to make all who believe these publications extremely anxious to see just what manner of man or beast, or devil, he really is. Hence the crowds that visit him at the jail. But his calm bearing and his modest demeanor astonish all who expected to look upon a monstrosity, and many go away with friends who had before clamored for his life. But then such is human nature."

"There is one question I would like to ask you, and it is this: Where did Frank James come from when he came to surrender?"

"I decline to answer."

"How much was on his head?"

"Just \$25,000. The State of Missouri offered \$10,000, and three express companies \$5,000 each."

"Were the pursuit and the hunt for him hot?"

"Perpetual and persistent. He saw detectives daily; touched them, talked with them; was before, behind, around and about them; but they never suspected him for a moment. He could have been safe forever where he was when he concluded to give himself up."

"Did those who knew where he was know also of the big reward for him?"

"Perfectly well, but what of that? Some men could not be bought for all the millions that Vanderbilt has. Some men do not know what the word treachery means. It is not in their vocabulary. It was a few of such men as these that Frank James trusted. Hence the complete isolation of the man while the hunt went on, and hence the absolute secrecy connected with his hiding place."

"Should he ever be a free man again—free to go and come—what will he do?"

"Yes, I do know. Some men of ample means in Kansas City have offered to start him with cattle and a ranch, and he will go to Texas and commence ranching just as soon as he is free to go. That is the best thing for him; in fact, about the only thing."

"Do you think that if I will go to Independence with a letter of introduction from you, I can get something from Frank for a series of articles in the Bazon? You know we are going to start a morning newspaper."

"You can get nothing from him whatever, nor will I give you the letter of introduction. My advice to you is to stay where you are."

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public is Hop Bitters. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other bitters, as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone-set tea, that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right, try Hop Bitters.—Nevada News.

KING KAISER.

The Well Known Restaurateur Gives Some Interesting Features

With Regard to His Seventeen Years' Experience in Sedalia.

Who His Best Feeders are, and the Dishes they Like Most.

A Quail Eater Who Could Make His Fortune by Excelling in the Feat.

Tickle a man's palate and you make that man a friend. This being a fact it is no wonder that John Kaiser, the veteran restaurateur, has a host of friends, for he has tickled many a palate during his long stay in this city.

Kaiser came to Sedalia with a very light capital in 1866, and Sedalia's growth has been his growth, until now he takes rank among the wealthy men of the "Queen City of the Prairies."

A Bazon reporter, who dropped into Kaiser's late last night for a dish of oysters, found the proprietor, for once, all alone, and fell into what proved to be the reporter a very interesting conversation with regard to Kaiser's rise in Sedalia, the whereabouts of many of his early boarders, who are the high livers of Sedalia, and what is the proper menu of a high-toned party of gentlemen.

"Yes," said Mr. Kaiser, "I am the only restaurateur in the city who came here as early as 1866. I tell you, though, these were the flush days for my business. The whole of south west Missouri came to Sedalia then for their supplies by wagon, money was plentiful and everybody was hungry. But the whole trade has changed since then and now I cater to entirely different kinds of appetites."

"You ask where I first opened out? Why, don't you remember, I bought out Ilgenfritz's bakery and confectionery, a little old runny frame building which stood where Mrs. Norton's millinery store now stands. That place should have been called the mint, for it first laid the foundation for Ilgenfritz's fortune and then gave me my start."

"How many regular boarders did you start with?"

"Why, I started with one, Paul Steckler, a brother-in-law of Herman Schmidt's, who, poor fellow, went over to the majority about seven years ago. My second boarder was Tom Golding, Mackey's foreman, who still resides in the city, but has had a home of his own for many years. Then came my old bachelor friend, S. T. Page, and would you believe it, he is boarding with me to this day? These old bachelors always prefer a restaurant where, there are no children or women to bother them, and where they can drop in at any time and get just what suits their appetites."

"All Walker, another of my early day boarders, and as clever a fellow as ever breathed the breath of life, is another one who has joined the 'innumerable van.' He also died of consumption, several years ago, at his former home in Henry county. And now that we are talking about the dead ones, there were Theo. Moses and Ed. Ward, both jolly and good fellows. They occupied a little office on the corner of the alley, where the Porter building now stands, or rather, at the southeast corner of the building. Moses was a claim agent and Ward an insurance agent. Both did a good business and were very liberal. Moses was afterwards appointed deputy United States marshal and was killed by a 'moonshiner' out in Miller county. Ed. Ward, who was regarded as the Beau Brummel of Sedalia, became involved in his insurance affairs, and in a fit of despondency went out to the fair grounds and took a dose of prussic acid, which made all things even, so far as he was concerned."

"In 1869, a stripping of a boy was sent to me by J. West Goodwin to board. He was known then as the 'printer boy,' and Goodwin paid his board in advertising. The truth is, mine were about the only advertisements Goodwin had, and 'Quail on Toast at Kaiser's' played a prominent part in the reading matter of the BAZOO, which was then a very diminutive affair. People got to calling the paper 'Quail on Toast,' and when Goodwin enlarged the BAZOO, Doc Hull, who was then editing the Weekly Democrat, in a notice of the enlargement, said that 'one quail on toast had been enlarged to two quails on toast; and to show you what a modest man Goodwin was then, he sent two men to forage off of me in the place of one. The stripping, who was only known then as the 'printer boy,' is Ed Burrows of to-day. My provender made a man of him, and if anyone wishes to know on what 'meat our Ed' has fed that he has grown so great, I can tell them."

"Among my first boarders were Jerome B. Cronk, now a Pullman sleeping car conductor; Chas. McLaughlin, of the undertaking firm of McLaughlin Bros.; this city; W. S. Mack, then in the stationery business, now of Booneville; Joe Strouse, then in business here, now in the wholesale trade in New York; Ed. Mason, the druggist, now a banker and the mayor of Appleton City; Herman Cortes, then with Morrison, Kimbrough & Co., now a Denver merchant; Adam Fischer, who was then single, and I might mention a hundred others, all scattered to the four winds now."

"Peter Voelker, one of Peter Kuhn's cigar makers, commenced boarding with me in an early day and still breaks bread at my tables. Curg Marvin is another who has stuck by me from first to last, and here I will take occasion to say that Marvin has probably paid me more money than any other one man. He is a fine feeder, and is fond of a crowd. He has a capricious appetite, and never wants the same dish twice in succession. He is particularly fond of game and fish, and will have the best in the market."

"You want to know how often I have moved since I have been in Sedalia? Well, let me see; in 1871 I moved from Ohio street to over Dexter's book store, on Main street. In 1872 I moved from Dexter's to over Mackey's shoe store. In 1873 I moved

ed into the brick building in the alley on Ohio street, between Main and Second streets, and there I remained until 1879, when I removed into my present quarters. "You want to know the largest number of people I ever fed in Sedalia in one day, do you? Well, the largest number I ever fed was when I gave my grand opening dinner in this house. That day I fed twelve hundred people; on several occasions, however, I have fed as high as eight hundred people in one day. I feed on an average, now, two hundred and fifty people daily. Sounds big, don't it? Well, it's the truth, nevertheless."

"Yes, Senator G. G. Vest used to eat very often at my place. He liked quail on toast, and was extremely fond of raw oysters, never taking less than a dozen, on the shell, if he could get them that way. Among others of our prominent citizens who patronized me, and are fond of tid-bits, I might mention H. H. Marean and father, B. G. Wilkerson and U. F. Short. The last mentioned gentleman is a regular oyster fiend, always takes rare fried, and can easily dispose of a dozen."

"Among my other quail eaters is Mr. R. T. Gentry, who never seems to tire of them. "Can he eat one a day for thirty consecutive days?" "Well, I should remark, I believe he can eat one at each meal for thirty consecutive days. In fact, I believe he has done it, and from choice at that."

"I don't hardly know how to answer your question as to who are my best livers now; they might not want to be given away. Oh, it don't make any difference, I reckon. There is a trio consisting of Capt. L. J. Bridges, Curg Marvin and Free London, who generally eat at the same table, and who will have the best going, even though I have to send to New York for it. They prey on all kinds of shell fish, lake fish, game of every kind, and are particularly fond of tenderloin beefsteak smothered in mushrooms. By the way, this is becoming one of the most popular dishes called for by our epicureans. Canvassed back duck is another great delicacy. A short time ago Captain Bridges took a notion that he must have canvassed back duck, and as none could be obtained here he sent to St. Louis for a brace. They cost him \$3 for the pair there, and I charged him \$5 more for serving them, and he, Curg Marvin and Free London dined them at one sitting, with great gusto."

"How about the oyster trade?" inquired the reporter.

"It still remains good, but they are no longer regarded as a great delicacy by our epicureans, either here or elsewhere. Still, oysters will always be in demand."

"Now, Mr. Kaiser, if you will tell me about your new hotel, I'll bid you good night."

"Next Monday I will leave for Toledo, Chicago, St. Louis and other prominent cities, to go through the leading hotels and get such pointers as I desire before getting up my plans. When I return from this trip I will give you the desired information."

BRUTAL BOON.

A Windsor Villain Who Has Deserted His Fifteen-Year-Old Wife.

As cruel a case of wife desertion as has come to the knowledge of the BAZOO in many moons occurred at Windsor, some time during the past few days, the exact date not being known by the BAZOO's informant.

The villain's name is S. D. Boon, who, for some months past, has been engaged in buying corn on the street, at a commission of one cent per bushel, for a grain dealer named Sanford.

About a year ago Boon was married to a young girl of Windsor, she being, at the time of her marriage, scarcely fourteen years of age. Her relatives objected to the match, principally on account of the would-be bride's age, but entreaties proved of no avail and the ceremony was pronounced which should have made them one for life.

Wedded bliss, however, was not to be their portion, as the sequel shows. On the 27th of January there arrived at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Boon a charge to keep that should have been the means of uniting them more closely. This little charge proved to be a daughter, however, and although the girl-mother was overcome with joy, the husband was not a little displeased, and from that time forward the home of Mrs. Boon was turned into a perfect hell. Had the child been a boy, Boon said he would have been delighted, but a little daughter was something he did not care for.

Hardly a week after the birth of his child Boon suddenly disappeared, and from that time up to the present nothing has been heard from him, although inquiry has been made in every direction.

Mrs. Boon has been at the point of death since her cruel desertion, and even now it is not thought she can recover, although she is receiving the closest attention from a loving mother and sympathetic relatives and friends.

The action of young Boon has caused not a little excitement in Windsor, and a dose of tar and feathers will undoubtedly be given him in case he returns.

The Jurors.

The county court has drawn the following as jurors for the April term of the criminal court:

GRAND JURORS.

O. Elmore, Thos. Montgomery, A. Dorsey, E. O. Hansborough, Jule Busch, F. Stepling, Jno. Lowery, F. J. Taylor, Chas. Richardson, C. C. Hadden, W. H. H. McVey and Lewis Snell.

PETIT JURORS, FIRST PANEL.

A. L. Moffatt, Geo. Spears, Henry Leonard and Wm. M. Daniel, Geo. W. Crawford, A. W. Blackburn, T. M. Triplett, Wm. Whitfield, R. E. Guthrie, A. B. Gregory, H. Gorrell, Thos. Callis, J. R. Smith, J. T. Reedy, W. P. Healy, Robt. Bahue, J. F. Shy, J. D. Green Dan. Donohoe, H. Demand, Geo. Gregg, E. M. Johnson, J. G. White and A. B. Dempsey.

SECOND PANEL.

N. H. Scott, Peter Hay, L. H. Durley, J. H. Jones, Pat Cashman, Charles Harris, Samuel Shanks, J. W. C. Brown, J. J. Emerson, M. H. Garten, S. B. Scott, W. H. Henderson, M. O. Green, Robert Tafender, T. J. Creed, W. O. Powell, James Payton, J. F. Scott, I. Elliott, E. Bahner, John Hanton, E. Stephens, Geo. Cummins and Henry Vitt.

WALSHE'S WELCOME.

Ex-Master Mechanic Walshe Received by His Former Employees.

Handsome Tribute to an Excellent Mechanic and a Worthy Gentleman.

For several days past it has been surmised in railroad circles that the employees of the Missouri Pacific shops intended to present a handsome testimonial to Mr. G. W. Walshe, the recent efficient and popular master mechanic, who has just returned from Hot Springs, Ark., where he has been sojourning for the last few weeks for the benefit of his health.

It was the original intention to give Mr. Walshe a grand reception at Slicher's Park Hotel upon his return, but subsequently it was decided that the most fitting place in which to welcome back him who had so long presided over the mechanical affairs of the Missouri Pacific railroad was the shops, the scenes of active labor in which master and men learned to know and understand each other so well.

Accordingly, shortly after the hour when the weary mechanics had ended the labors of the week, all of the attaches of the shops were assembled in the new machine shop, when Mr. G. H. Hendricks, in a few well chosen remarks presented Mr. Walshe with an elegant gold watch and chain, valued at \$500.

While taken by surprise, Mr. Walshe replied in the following fitting language, hardly being able to restrain his emotion, however, during its delivery.

WALSHE'S WORDS:

I thank you, gentlemen, for the very elegant token of your esteem and friendship. I can assure you I feel proud to know that my conduct towards you has been so uniformly kind and considerate as to challenge your approval. In conducting the office of a large company, like the Missouri Pacific, it is a very nice policy that can exact the full performance of all duties to the company without sacrificing the good will of the company's employees. It is no small compliment to be assured that I have accomplished this nice and difficult feat. I have held a very responsible position in this company, for the past ten years; have had under my personal supervision over six hundred miles of road, and that one of the heaviest business roads in the country, and I flatter myself that while I have merited the affections of my employees, I have not sacrificed the esteem and confidence of my two immediate superiors, A. A. Talmage, general transportation manager, and John Hewitt, superintendent of motive power and machinery. You allude to my method of management. You say I understand how to change men and retain their friendship, and they say I understand my business as a mechanic and a business man.

It has always been my policy to keep you employed. I have been kind to you; still not over familiar, gentle in the exercise of authority, still firm in exacting the company's rights. The result of this conduct was, I found you respectful and obedient whenever you were called to perform any duty, night or day, cold or hot, rain or shine; you have responded to my call promptly and cheerfully, without one word of murmur.

I have often thought, on cold, wintry nights, when you were called from your warm couches, from the arms of Morpheus or somebody else. Mechanics to work on repairs of locomotives, or engines and firemen to take their engines and haul heavy trains over the heavy grades, through frost, snow, rain or sleet. Excuse me, gentlemen, it is not the engineer and firemen who haul the trains over the road, neither do they make time, except when they break down or come in two. The uninitiated might say, "When the motive power fails, all fail to make time." Put good officers and good men in the motive department and all the rest goes well and all make time. Now, gentlemen, you must not claim too much; do not be egotistical. I have often thought you were made of steel, and that you were entitled to the smile of approval when you made a trip over the road. It has been my care not to add the weight of one straw to your burdens more than you should have carried."

There are no soft places on the Missouri Pacific road. General Manager A. A. Talmage and his able assistant, John Hewitt, superintendent of motive power and machinery, very kindly and very judiciously see that each man has allotted to him all he can do, and that he does fully a full day's work every day. They think you had better wear out than rust out. Our men are always in demand on other roads; other roads like to get them, and in that, too, I feel complimented. We have had but very little trouble with men moulded in our own garden school, but when we have been forced to exchange them for other people's, we have sometimes suffered."

I shall now close my remarks. You would spoil me if I were to be spoiled, but I think I am not one of those perishable articles. However, I shall always think better of myself after this. I wish yourselves and families peace and prosperity, and again thank you for your golden, substantial and timely compliment. I also thank Messrs. Williams, Leonard, Rhodes and Shultz and his assistants, and all the men on the line, for their able assistance in conducting the affairs of the company."

The contributions to the fund for the elegant chronometer presented to Mr. Walshe have been most generous, and after the purchase of the elegant time piece and chain about \$60 remained, which by unanimous vote of the railroad employees was presented to Mayor Messerly, to be applied

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.

Mayor Messerly, who was present, gracefully accepted the donation in the following neat little speech:

Gentlemen of the Locomotive Department: The liberality for which railroad men are noted has again presented itself, and is indeed commendable.

Such a handsome cash donation, coming from men who "earn their bread by the sweat of their brows," is, and should be, very highly appreciated. I assure you it will greatly relieve the suffering which the long continued cold weather has brought upon the poor of our city. In behalf of the poor, I return you many heartfelt thanks.

ALLEGED CROOKS.

Arrival in Sedalia, Yesterday, of a Cattle Dealer Named J. H. Drew,

Who, With His Son, is Charged With Stealing a Span of Mules.

After a Four Months' Chase, They Were Captured in the Territory.

Last Monday's BAZOO made mention of the arrival in Sedalia of a prisoner named Jas. H. Drew, jr., who had been arrested in the Indian Territory on the charge of stealing a span of mules from James Krigbaum, of Keytesville, in Chariton county, last October. It was further stated that Drew's father, who is also named Jas. H., was a party to the theft, but had made his escape.

Young Drew was taken to Keytesville last Monday morning in charge of Deputy Sheriff Hancock and Jas. Krigbaum, the latter being the gentleman from whom the mules were stolen.

Hardly had they placed their prisoner behind the bars when the sheriff received a telegram that Drew, jr., the other party that Mr. Krigbaum had been seeking so diligently, was in the custody of the Indian authorities at Muskogee, the capital of the Creek nation, and on Tuesday night Messrs. Hancock and Krigbaum started after him. They arrived at their destination Thursday, and at once took the prisoner in charge and yesterday morning's north-bound K. & T. train brought the party to this city, where they were met at the depot by a reporter of the BAZOO, and all the particulars obtained.

From Mr. Hancock, who had Drew in charge, it was learned that the mules were taken about the 20th of October last, and a few days later were sold to Lobe & Holden, of Huntsville, but for a time it was impossible to secure any trace of the thieves. Finally suspicion pointed to Drew and his son, who had left the country, going no one knew where.

Mr. Krigbaum, however, with indomitable energy and bull dog pluck, resolved that he would catch the gentleman who had made so free with his property, so he at once began the chase, which he has persistently kept up for four months, and at last his labors were rewarded by learning that the men whom he suspected of stealing the mules were in the Indian Territory, though he had followed them like a sleuth hound through Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, and then they for a time disappeared. He determined to secure them, no matter what the cost, and the result shows how successful he was.

Mr. Krigbaum, in conversing with the reporter, expressed confidence in being able to furnish evidence to prove their guilt, and it would seem from the long and strong chase he has given them he has an abiding faith in his ability to fix the crime upon them.

After conversing with Messrs. Hancock and Krigbaum, the writer paid his attention to the prisoner, who was found to be a man fifty-five years of age, and a thorough westerner, although born in Kentucky.

"What have you to say to this charge, Mr. Drew?" asked the reporter.

"Only this—I am not guilty."

"Were you in Chariton county at the time Mr. Krigbaum's mules were stolen?"

"Yes, I was there about that time. I left the first or second week in November, going to Texas."

"Do you think your son is guilty?"

"As to that I cannot say. I can only speak for myself. I will not have any difficulty in proving my innocence."

"What was you doing in Texas?"